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employee. Of the employees who remained over two years, thirty-seven of the sixty-six were tuberculous.

Second: The stay of two years and over on the part of 29 apparently well employees has not produced a single authentic case of active tuberculosis.

If after reading these arguments for

an increased interest among nurses for serving in sanatoria, you are still stricken with phthisiophobia, will you not consider the call from a missionary standpoint? Remember that our soldiers gave their lives, either by injury or disease,—are there so few nurses to return the service?

FOLLOWING THE STAR TO HENRY STREET

By JEAN FRASER McMURCHY, R.N.
North Bay, Ontario, Canada

THE Christmas spirit will invade most of us, most Yuletide seasons. Sometimes it shows up rather early, during the discomforts of a shopping siege, and we endure this strain as gracefully as our various natures permit. Others wait until a day or so of the Day, and then show the reaction of their inoculation in a feverish scattering of coin on useless gifts, or in a greater scattering of useless coin in more useless ways. Scrooge and I were in a class by ourselves this year, and I nearly waited as long as he did before the Good Cheer to Everyone percolated through my system. I am glad I waited not too long, else I should have missed the Star that led to Henry Street.

Have you ever grown stale in your work, feeling the daily tasks too heavy, too dull, and too thankless? Have you ever felt that your efforts were mostly energy misplaced, and that if blame fell, it fell on you? If you have, try picking out a Star, and let it lead you—somewhere, but anywhere away from the routine grind for a while.

From the dullness of an early Christmas morning I journeyed forth in my

pursuit. The Christmas Spirit had just begun to percolate, but it was of a very weak and anaemic quality this particular morn. Many miles from home in that Lonesome Land (New York City) at this season could never tend to great Good Cheer. A long ride in an empty, noisy subway train (for when but on Christmas would a subway train be empty?) brought me up with a bump, and a jerk, in Chambers Street. A loose-jointed bus, already rather crowded, made room, rather grudgingly, for one more, and off we bumped and jogged along to the great East Side of Little Old New York, to Henry Street.

From the Settlement I started forth on nursing calls. My little black bag bumped and poked me as if to say: "You silly thing, why are you doing this and what brought you here anyway?" It was cold, and grey, and early. The little lad with the morning papers blew on his rough, red hands, and shuffled his feet. "Merry Christmas, Missis," he called to me, and bag and I were called to a halt, until a dime was discovered. Somehow his remarks, and his generally cheerful aspect blew

on smouldering embers of Good Cheer, somewhere within me, which before the day was out, became a veritable blaze.

Glancing at my card of directions I found the mystic letters "4B.L." written under my patient's name and address. These letters will mean many things to me henceforth, and I have since found various satisfactory ways of translating them, other than the original. Four flights up, to my left, and at the back of the darkest, dirtiest hall imaginable—"4 B. L."—I found my Christmas, my courage, and my Star. Why try to describe the surroundings? They matter little. The babe cared not if smells and dirt were all about her. She was beautiful, and pink, and sweet, and only twelve hours old. To bathe her was the loveliest thing I have ever done, and it took much longer than my Sloane training would approve. A process

long enough, in fact, to restore within me a Better Spirit, and another meaning of "4 B. L." came suddenly to me, "For Blessings Lavished," and hitherto unappreciated. And through that grey, smoke-grimed ceiling, methinks if I could see, a Star hung there, in Henry Street.

Have you ever read of the Babe that morn, and dreamed that you saw Him too, lying there in His bed of straw? He was little, and cunning too, and could laugh and dimple, as He looked around, and His eyes were azure blue.

Then when evening came to Henry Street, my Star led me home. Happy? Yes, tired with the climbing of many stairs, but bearing in my hand that little card, and in my heart the message, "4 B. L."—For blessings lavished on thee, be thou indeed grateful this Christmas tide. Go follow on.

THE TRAINED NURSE

By JACK RYAN
California

THE doctor introduces her. A clean cap and spotless uniform, a clean face and clean eye, whisper the word purity, and doubly so because it radiates from her very heart. The doctor leaves, and she speaks a few cheery words and proceeds to tidy the room. As she touches something here and changes something there, you see she knows her business, and that thought brings assurance. New sides of her nature and training appear to you as the days pass. Friends come and go, and you realize she is the most tactful diplomat you have ever seen, never rude, but always having her own way. Then

she is the very breath of the morning to cheer you up, a tonic to brace you up, an inspiration to make you forget yourself, and above all, a mind reader, else how could she know just what you want before you could make up your mind whether or not you really wanted it? And as you convalesce you almost believe her an angel, for what other being could possess so many virtues at once? She is continually fighting a battle with death and her humanity has been touched with sorrows of others; to her has come the vision of service,—the secret of a successful trained nurse.